

VOL. VI.-No. 154

FEBRUARY 18, 1880.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



WILL THE CAT DO IT?

PUCK.
Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS
In the United States and Canada.
One Copy, one year, or 36 numbers.....\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.50
One Copy for thirteen weeks.....1.25
In England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.
One Copy, one year, or 36 numbers.....\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....4.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50
INCLUDING POSTAGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY.....JOS. KEPPLER.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and
in this rule we can make no exception.

PUCK is on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs.
HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 44, Strand, Charing Cross, and
at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard
Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield
Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin,
and on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In
Germany at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

CONTENTS.

Amateur Government,
PUCKERINGS.
The Seedling Voter—illus.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—
No. CXLI.
Definitive Snaps
Puck's Parnell Fund.
Our Streets—illus.
"D'ye Moind That?" (poem).—
Lem. E. C.

Our Reporter Interviews Mr.
Whitney, of the Society for
the Suppression of (V)ice.
Current Comment.
Imogene, the Fair.
Our Own Cowley.
A Big Advertisement—illus.
The Theatres.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
HERMESIANAX PRATT.
EXCHANGES.

AMATEUR GOVERNMENT.

MR. WHITNEY'S little "black-list" is, after all, a very small affair. It was a brutal, officious, wholly uncalled for and unnecessary proceeding, this attempt at systematized spying upon the community at large: but the very nature of the scheme made it impossible that it could ever work serious mischief. The emancipated citizen who comes within the shady category referred to generally belongs to one of two great classes. In nine cases out of ten, the man who frequents vile places chooses that kind of recreation because he himself, his tastes, his surroundings and his education are all vile. His place in the social scale is hopelessly low; and he rather courts a foul fame than shrinks from it. The small remainder of the regular patrons of public iniquity is made up of rich men, unoccupied, uneducated, who know no more decent forms of dissipation, have found no worthier employment for their leisure, and are practically unconscious of their wrong-doing. These men have money enough to buy up any spies cheap enough to devote themselves to the detective duty of the Black-list. So that there was very little danger of the Black-list hurting anyone save some few weak stragglers on the edge of vice—a class for which the world has very little sympathy.

And, sooner or later, the outburst of last week was sure to come. It was inevitable that the public would be shocked at the bare idea of the miserable scheme when it was once set forth in all its bald impudence. The dulllest mind must have understood that even the apathetic American public has nerves that will thrill responsive to a sufficiently hard kick. It must be said, though, that the vigorous promptitude with which New York expressed her views last week was something quite unexpectedly pleasant to those who have grown bilious watching the awful, barren, heartless dead-and-alive indifference of this strangest of cities—this city that has every virtue of youth and every vice of age—this city that makes and mars its own fortunes with the might of a giant and the perversity of a devil.

But, as we have said, the cause was small, and there must be, in the minds of those who look carefully at and think deeply of these things, a suspicion that the popular outburst was more or less wasted. It is not so very difficult, after all, to kindle the American heart into a blaze of indignation; but it is too sadly often merely like the crackling of thorns under a pot, ending in vain and impotent smoke. Here was a fire that might have purged us clean; but it has done little more than burn up poor Mr. Whitney's sable scroll.

The other day a well-edited daily paper spoke of "the Society for the Prevention of Crime to Children." It was a pardonable mistake. There are so many societies for the prevention of this, that and the other thing, that the effect is confusing. This is clearly unnecessary. And all are endowed with extraordinary powers by special local legislation. That is clearly bad. The other day Mr. Anthony Comstock announced that he had the right to entrap any suspected person into compromising admissions before arresting him. And yet our laws protect all persons accused of crime from such treatment at the hands of the regular officers of the law. Why is Mr. Anthony Comstock superior to all rules of legal right and propriety? Supposing that Mr. Anthony Comstock is a perfectly honest and able man—the best man in the world for such a position—can the commonwealth afford to set aside its whole code of criminal procedure in favor of any one man?

We have no end of "Societies" for the Prevention of various things. Why don't we see a few societies for the Encouragement of something. For the Encouragement of Clean Streets, for instance—for the Encouragement of True Charity—of Struggling Honesty—of Creditable Enterprise. Best of all, perhaps, would be a Society for the Encouragement of Healthful Amusement. If you want to have a morally healthful people, you must have a happy people. If a man works for his living, he means by that conventional word not only Life; but Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Give him the right kind of happiness, and he will never want the wrong kind. Take the right kind from him, and the wrong kind will take him from you. Mirth is meat and medicine to the people, as the old tyrants well knew, when they soothed and sweetened their hungry, sick plebeians with processions and pyrotechnics. Be happy, and you will be virtuous. Lester Wallack has kept more young men out of low sham-theatrical dives than Mr. Whitney ever will, if he lives to be twice as old. The Mercantile Library has "educated" more men to healthful lives than all the Y. M. C. A.s in the country. The chromo-publishers of Nassau St. have made more poor homes happy than a barrel of sermons on the delights of domesticity. What's-his-name with the bicycles, up at the Rink is preaching a gospel of physical culture that makes the weakness and premature old age of dissolute precocity ashamed of itself. Oh, believe us, good friends of the myriad "societies," not even the stupidest donkey ever put aside hay to nibble thistles.

COWLEY'S Lambs had chickens on Christmas Day. This reminds us of the late Nelse Seymour's answer to his burnt-cork brother: "Hungry indeed! Didn't I give you a peanut three weeks ago?"

POLITICS FOR VERY YOUNG AMERICANS. — Will the bad Cat get the T. T. Fish? No, the bad Cat will not get the fish; but the bad cat will tip o-ver the Aq-ua-ri-um, if she does not Look Out; and then the bad cat will get Some left and Lots wet.

Puckerings.

WE really think that MacLean ought to call Nichols out and thus settle this Police Commissioner business once and for ever.

COMPTROLLER JOHN KELLY has dislocated his shoulder. If it had been his neck, it would give the old man Tilden a chance for the Presidency.

WHAT a horridly vicious infant that Louis Victor must have been, to go and emaciate himself in that horrid way, just to get his poor dear Shepherd into trouble, to be sure!

THERE is a man up in Canada who is prophesying weather with more frequency and variegated disagreeability than our own Signal Service Bureau. Shall not the Eagle scream?

WE WONDER — just in our foolish way, you know — if those fine ladies who crowded around Mrs. Cowley in the court-room ever had any children of their own. And we do hope — though indeed it's very silly, no doubt — that they never will have any.

WE don't want to tantalize the Reverend Mr. Cowley with suggestions of lost opportunities; but it is a great pity he did not know, as a fact in the science of domestic economy, that the expansive properties of dried apples are away ahead of those of the humble bean.

THE English are in Herat;
The Russians are in Merv;
They look extremely queer at
The English who are in Herat;
Which place they take their beer at,
To show their British nerve.
The English are in Herat;
The Russians are in Merv.

THE English are in Herat;
The Russians are in Merv;
Danger they show no fear at—
Those English chaps in Herat.
Oh, do not drop a tear at
What we would just observe*—
The English are in Herat;
The Russians are in Merv.

WILL Dr. Morgan Dix please inform us whether or no that was the "right-hand of fellowship" that he gave to Cowley of the Fold? We ask this apparently irrelevant and technical question simply because we thought that Dr. Dix preached the gospel of Christ, and we remember that Christ once said something to the effect that whoso offendeth one of those little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea. Our application of this text may be wholly incorrect; but it seems to us not entirely unnatural.

It was pretty, though, wasn't it? to see our E. C. the Sun rising up in honest wrath, to hurl its hard and healthy Saxon at the heads of these misguided moral censors. There is not one other paper in the country, nor one elsewhere, that we know of, which can get more of a crushingly flat-footed effect out of the simple assertion that a spade is a spade, than the New York Sun. There is no *Pall Mall Gazette* dandyism of verbiage about it: it talks the clean, plain everyday English of the nineteenth century, as pure and forcible as the elder speech of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

* Of course you won't. Why should you?

THE SEEDLING VOTER.



SOUTHERN EXOTICS IN WESTERN SOIL.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXIII.

LENT.



Ya-as, the whirl of gaiety is ovah, and aw everybody, including Miss Marguerwite and myself, can take a little west. Lent is a verwy convenient arrangement in this respect, and I'm wathah glad it's come wound again, faw, to tell the twuth, I have felt fwightfully bawed at wanderwing about to kettle-dwums, weceptions, suppahs, dinnahs, et caeterwa, although I have continued to make the sacwifice simply to oblige Miss Marguerwite. A fellow, when he's engaged, if he has pwopah feeling, ought to carwy out the wishes of the young woman to any weasonable extent, although he's not obliged to do so aftah he's marwied.

A gweat many othah people ought to wejoice at the arwival of Lent, especially a fellow named Mr. D-d-dancey Cain aw, who used to weve a coach and do numerous things that ere considahed extwemely gwand and fashionable in what is considahed society he-ah.

I believe aw he is called a Colonel or something of that sort. This young man, or perwhaps middle-aged individual—his face is quite fwesh-looking—has, it appe-ahs a verwy undignified and desperwate *penchant* for dancing. I should not be surprised to learn that he was on this account called Dancey Cain. I he-ah, on good authorwity, that he wegulahly dwills the fellows in the Club to twip on the light fantastic toe just like a pwofessional *maitre de danse*, and has been the leadah, durwing the

season, of upwards of half a hundwed cotillions, which they barbarwously call, in this countwy, Germans. I have nevah yet been able to understand the weason faw weferwing to cotillions as Germans, but suppose it must be derived fwom some peculiarwity in both varwieties of things.

Perwhaps, howevah, it is well in New York to become celebawted in something. Jack says it is calculated to give a fellow tone he-ah. No man in our set evah bothahs himself to acquire superwiorwity in anything; it is not voted good form.

Aw I just wished to mention that the last dance I was prevailed on to attend took place at some wooms above a westaurwant known as Delmonico's. I dessay I have mentioned the place befaw.

The entertainment was given by some men who wicidulwously call themselves Patwiarchs. It was a wathah decent entertainment, and was supposed to be aw attended solely by the *cwème de la cwème* of the metwopolis. But, 'pon my life, ye know, there were many people there who were not verwy good wepwesentatives of *cwème*. I mean some male and female pwogeny of the family of a wich but ordinarwy furwiah and pwopwietah of houses, now in his gwave. Some of these women literwally vulgahly blazed with diamonds. A fellow who has a wailwoad was also largely wepwesented in an equally inferwiah mannah.

I am wathah glad I shall not have much occasion to be thrwown into close pwoximity with such people for the aw next five or six weeks. Aw glad of the welief aw.

QUESTION DES COIFFEURS.

And shall old Tilden dye?
And shall old Tilden dye?
Then twenty thousand bald-head men
Will know the reason why!

DEFINITIVE SNAPS.

ROWS OF SHARON—Silver Bricks.

MEN OF MANY MINES—Bonanza Kings.

A SOCIETY SMOOTH BORE—The "Muff."

HIGH OLD TIMES—Balloon experiences.

A FRENCH FLAT (and a dashed one at that)—Chotteau.

SONG OF THE BARKEEPER—"Let us then be up and stirring."

CONGRESSIONAL SMALL FRYE—The Gentleman from Maine.

THE PLAINT OF CIPHER ALLEY—"Oh, I'm a sweep, a perfect sweep."

CHILL BLAINE No. 1—The late Pennsylvania Republican Convention.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT IS DEAD—long live the Oldest Inhabitant.

ASTRONOMICAL CONTINGENCIES—"If a body meet a body, coming through the sky."

SARATOGA-and-How-to-See-it for Fifty Cents—Buy the book and go there, of course.

EXTRACT from a remarkably sharp boy's composition on tobacco: "The habit of using tobacco is very bad: in fact, my Third Reader says it is disgusting. Even hogs won't use tobacco. But that's because they ain't persevering. No one likes tobacco the first time. And if hogs would only stick to it a little while, there wouldn't be no more said about their refusing the filthy stuff."

PUCK'S PARNELL FUND.

HERE appears to be a strong and well-defined feeling that Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell is more needed and yearned for at home than he is here. At any rate, to use a sound American phrase, we have no use for him. In deference to this public opinion, PUCK last week opened a subscription list for a purpose which he feels sure will at once recommend itself to all his readers.

The object of PUCK's collection will be the reshipping of Mr. Parnell to Ireland, in good order and as well-conditioned as he ever was.

The expenses of this operation will be comparatively small. Our estimate is as follows:

Steering Ticket per "State Line" of Steamers, to Belfast or Dublin	\$26.00
Passenger's Outfit [mattress, blanket, pannikin, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon].....	4.00
1 Piece of Pie.....	0.10
	\$30.10

The piece of Pie—that noble American product—is for Mr. Parnell to eat in memory of the land that dispenses with him.

The subscription list for this collection, to be called the Parnell Fund, PUCK has opened with \$5.00, which amount will be ready at once.

PUCK will gladly receive, and gratefully acknowledge, the smallest contributions to this fund, hoping to raise the total amount within a short time. This sum PUCK would willingly subscribe himself; but for the belief that, while his neighbor the *Herald* is doing its noble work in alleviating the distress of a suffering and starving people, he can also, in his own way, serve the cause of humanity and common sense by giving the public a chance to testify their disapprobation of a useless agitator who has used his own country's miseries as a stalking-horse for the propagation of ideas which have always been his people's curse.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR

PUCK'S PARNELL FUND.

PUCK	\$5.00
Incog.....	0.10
H. P.....	0.10
M. B.....	0.08
Employees of — & —	0.73
S. H.....	0.03
Alphonso	0.50
J. Hawthorn	0.02
No Pope.....	0.01
Calcraft	0.05
Carter E. Brett.....	0.25
Flossie.....	0.01
Jersey	0.10
John J. Smith.....	0.03
Pie.....	0.10
J. W.....	0.05
F. Sancho	0.01
Haseltine	0.10
Boston.....	0.01
For Charity's Sake.....	0.01
P. B. S. Smith.....	0.12
Total.....	\$7.41

THE FIRST MAN IN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear Mister PUCK, your kind appeal
Is just the best I ever saw;
Our Irish friends will say and feel
That thanks are due *Americans*.

So find inclosed my little mite,
'Twill help Parnell upon his flight;
It is not much, but then 'twill buy
That last item—a piece of pie.

"INCOC."

A CUBAN PATRIOT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Dear Sir—Inclosed you will find one cent in aid to
PUCK's Parnell fund, and God bless you.

FRANCISCO SANCHO, 1,177 Broadway, City.

TWO RED CENTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

Inclosed please find my large subscription (I consider it large compared with others you may get of the same amount) to your Parnell Fund. Hoping it may help you in your good cause,

I remain, yours, etc.,

J. HAWTHORN,

4,000 Bowery, N. Y.

[Inclosed were two large coppers, dates of '50 and '51—two holes in each.—ED. PUCK.]

BIGOTED, BUT BOUNTIFUL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, '80.

Mr. PUCK:

As you have started the ball for our friend, Parnell, N. G., to get him home, I throw in my mite (mite) — not the widow's mite—one cent (1 c.) in cash. Do as you see best with it.

Respectfully,

NO POPE.

BUT HE IS NOT OUR BROTHER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Mr. PUCK:

Dear Brother—I inclose five cents for the "Parnell Go Home Fund." I have another five cents ready to subscribe for a rope to hang the thief.

Your admirer,

CALCRAFT.

THE SUGAR INTEREST.

WALL ST., Feb. 11th, '80.

Editor of PUCK:

Dear Sir—Having seen your princely gift to the "PUCK Parnell Fund," we send you our mite as representatives of the great sugar interests of this country, feeling we would like to have a finger in the "pie," more especially as we think sugar is the principal part.

Yours respectfully,

H. P.....	10 cents.
M. B.....	8 "
J. W.....	5 "
S. H.....	3 "

25 cts.

A DECEITFUL LITTLE GIRL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK:

I am a little girl four years old. My ma reads PUCK every week, and I think his picture is too sweet for anything. Now, my ma was reading that you wanted money to send a man to Ireland. I send you one cent that I had saved up towards my fare to College Point, where my ma was going to take me to see the Dutchmen make sauer-kraut. I hope Mr. Parnell will get home, but don't let him go in such a ship as you had in your paper this week.

FLOSSIE.

[Miss Flossie's subscription was *not* inclosed.—ED. PUCK.]

OUR SISTER STATE.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

With great pleasure I observed in this week's edition your timely and most noble act of opening a subscription fund for the purpose of returning Brother Parnell to Erin's green shores. To publish to the world at large that "Jarsey" always stands up for the right, I enclose two weeks' savings for that great cause—viz., ten cents.

Thine,

JERSEY.

A WEALTHY POET.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

I send you, with my love,
A good old-fashioned shilling:
And if it helps Parnell to move,
I'm really more than willing.

P. BYSSHE SHELLEY SMITH.

A ROYAL GIVER.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

Here's half a dollar to propel Parnell Brin-go-braght-wards.

Yours ever,

ALPHONSO.

THE PIE ASSURED.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 11th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

No better evidence could be displayed of your loyalty towards suffering humanity than your action of starting the PARNELL fund with such a magnificent donation. The following subscribers of your valuable weekly desire to add their donation towards the worthy and excellent movement started by you.

John J. Smith of John.....	0.01
Solomon I. Isaacs.....	0.01
Hans And. Schriftgeisser.....	0.01
Order for one piece of pie.....	0.10

Grand total.....\$0.13

P.S.—Send you a three-cent piece with a hole in it, if there is any discount on the hole, deduct discount from donation.

[Inclosure.]

BALTIMORE, Feb. 11th, 1880.

The Consolidated Mutual Co-operative Home-Made Pie Company of Baltimore will deliver to the order of PUCK one piece of lavender-scented, double-cross, patent crimped edge pie, and charge same to expense account.

By order,

JOHN J. SMITH OF JOHN.
First Vice-Pres., Manager and Gen. Supt.

NOT CULCHAHED, BUT CHARITABLE.

BELLEVILLE, N. J., Feb. 12th, 1880.

To Editor of PUCK:

I Being a Reader of PUCK, Please find Enclosed a One cent Postage Stamp for the Benefit of Parnell as I Believe he would Do better Three thousand miles away it will help him to Buy the piece of pie.

Do not forget to advance it along with your five Dollars.

FOR CHARITY SAKE.

HE COINCIDES A QUARTER'S WORTH.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1880.

Dear PUCK:

The 25 cents which I inclose but faintly testify my entire approval of your views *in re* Parnell. I would it were twenty-five dollars. But it ain't.

Yours, however,

CARTER E. BRETT.

CUPID'S CONTRIBUTION.

New York, Feb. 14th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

The softening influences of St. Valentine's-day have moved me to plunk up the inclosed dime to your "Parnell Fund." If Erin yearns for him, here is ten cents for her yearn.

Yours truly,

HASELTINE.

TOBACCO SPEAKS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14th, 1880.

Editor of PUCK—Dear Sir:

Inclosed please find 73 cents, proceeds of a collection taken up to swell your "fund" for the exportation of Mr. Parnell. It would doubtless have been 75 cents; but the times are hard.

EMPLOYEES OF — & —,
— Pearl Street.

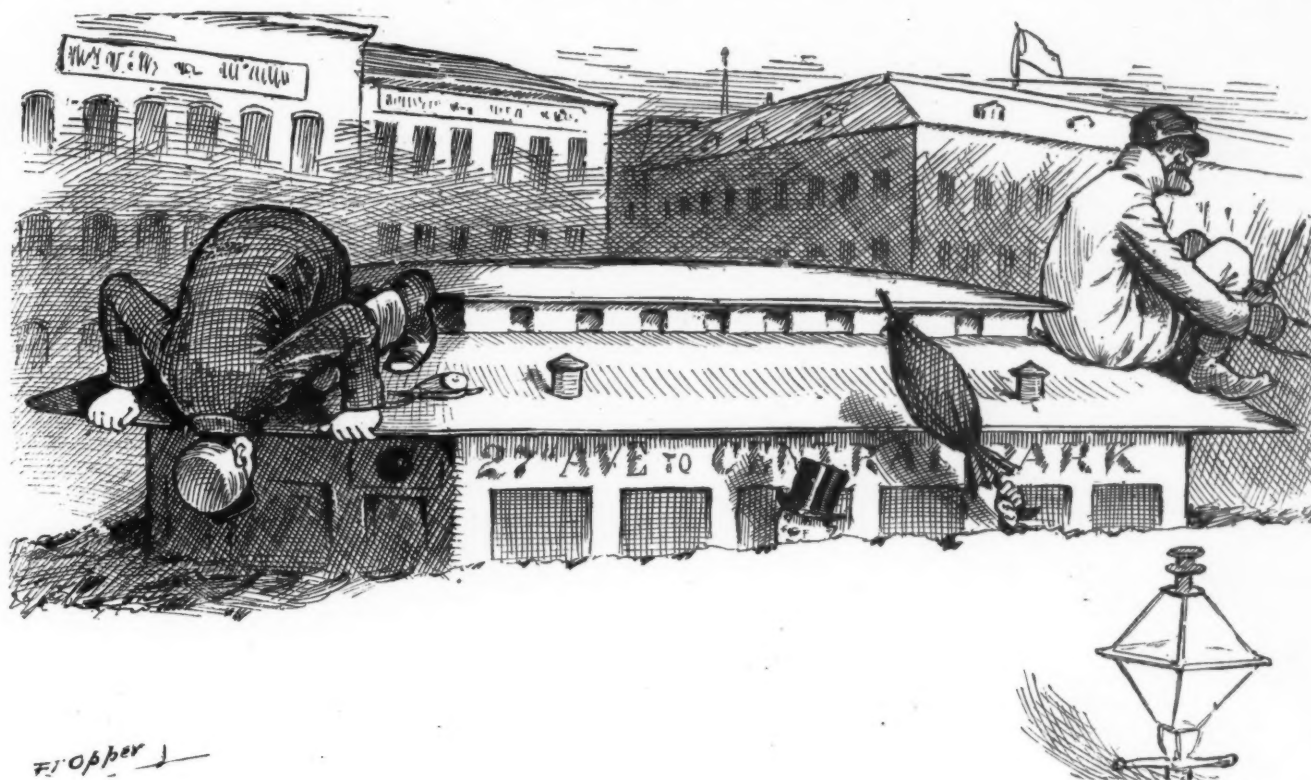
THE MODEST HUB.

Subscription to Parnell Fund—enclosed—one cent.
(But not from Heaven.) "BOSTON."

NOTE.

We regret that, on account of the early hour at wh. this form goes to press, it is impossible to own receipt of contributions arriving later than Friday afternoon. Proper space will be devoted in our next week's issue to acknowledgement of all contributions. We wish it to be distinctly understood that all sums arriving at this office will be carefully accounted for, and the total amount duly tendered to Mr. Parnell. Should he refuse to accept it for the purpose stipulated, it will be transmitted to the Editor of the *Herald*, to be passed to the credit of the Irish Relief Fund.

OUR STREETS.



CONDUCTOR:—Will some of you gentlemen please get out and help start the car?

"D'YE MOIND THAT?"

YE'VE a swate purty face, Miss Meginnis,
And an illegant head av gold hair;
Ye've a beautiful arhm, Miss Meginnis,
And a bewildherin' smoilie ye do wear,
But it's all vain consate, Miss Meginnis,
I know that be the toss av yer head;
Ye've a heart widout compassion, Miss Meginnis,
A heart that to mercy is dead.

Ye've a very nate fut, Miss Meginnis,
A fut that 'ud shame a small two,
And a nately turned ankle, Miss Meginnis,
Is above it—yis, ivery worrad uv it throe;
And ye're fond av coaxin' and wheedlin', Miss Meginnis,
And a bit av flattery goes a long way,
As Oi know to my sorrow, Miss Meginnis,
As Oi've known this many a long day.

But Oi've come to me sines, Miss Meginnis,
I've waked from a very quare dhrame,
I'm a *man* once again, Miss Meginnis,
Oi've crossed safely a dangerous strame,
And though ye've a brilliant eye, Miss Meginnis,
Ye can shoot it at fish fresher nor me,
Ye can throw out yer hook, Miss Meginnis,
For there's still lashins av snappers in the sea.

So the top av the day till ye, Miss Meginnis,
May ye never know sorrow nor grafe.
But yer heart's made av shtone, Miss Meginnis,
So from me at laste it is safe. LEM. E. C.

OUR REPORTER

INTERVIEWS

MR. WHITNEY, OF THE SOCIETY FOR
THE SUPPRESSION OF (V)ICE.

OUR reporter called on Captain Whitney,
of the Society for the Encouragement
of the Suppression of Ice, and had the
following talk:

REPORTER (*chewing the rim of his hat*): Are
you Captain Will—?

CAPT. W. (*pompously*): Whitney—Whitney
is my name—not Williams.

REP. (*taking another bite*): Oh!—David J.?

CAPT. W.: We are.

REPORTER (*still chewing mildly*): Why do
you wish to suppress ice?

CAPT. W. (*explosively*): Sirr!

REP.: You are collecting a list of names,
are you not, for the prevention of ice?

CAPT. W.: We are.

REP. (*timidly*): I—ah—I am anxious to know
where I have been of late, and would like to
know if my name is on the list.

CAPT. W.: What is your name?

REP.: Muggins. Hon. Ephraim Muggins.

CAPT. W.: Can't tell you.

REP. (*recovering his self-possession a little*):
Is no one ever allowed to see the list?

CAPT. W.: Decidedly not. I keep it in my
own possession.

REP.: Could my wife see it?

CAPT. W.: Of course not.

REP.: What use do you make of it?

CAPT. W.: No use whatever.

REP.: Where do you keep it?

CAPT. W.: Locked up in my safe.

REP.: Can the police make use of this list?

CAPT. W.: No one in heaven above nor on
earth below, nor in H—

REP.: Don't swear.

CAPT. W.: No one can see it.

REP.: Where do you keep it?

CAPT. W.: I tear it up and destroy it as
soon as it is made.

REP.: What is the object of such a list?

CAPT. W.: No object.

REP.: My wife positively could n't see it.

CAPT. W.: No, sir.

REP.: So glad. Where did you say you
keep it?

CAPT. W.: I keep it on ice.

REP. (*a little confused*): What good is sub-
served by the collecting of these names?

CAPT. W.: No good, whatever.

REP.: I thought so. Good day!

CURRENT COMMENT.

CUPPING THE CUPPERS.—Mrs. Augusta Astor
has just presented the New York Medical
Societarians with what she calls "a loving *cup*"
—and served them right, too, if they can't take
a joke!

PARADOXICAL.—There is a tavern at Pater-
son, N. J., called the "Long Branch House."
A propos of which a belated traveler rises to
explain that the longer you continue to branch
off from that tavern, the better you will like it.

AND PERHAPS HE IS RIGHT.—Montgomery
Blair is responsible for the statement that
George Bancroft is prouder of his new thorough-
bred than of his "History of the United
States." Singularly discriminating man is Ban-
croft—and was always so considered.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—The name of
Col. Delancey (excuse us: De Lancey) Kane
from *one* fashionable ball! Which reminds us
of our childhood's epic:

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

De Lancey's not come to the Fair!

CORKSCREWING THE PARTING GUESTS.—The
perplexing reporter, in "doing up" the lively
ceremonials attending the late restoration of
the eccentric Mr. Police Commissioner Nichols,
sets it down thusly: "During the morning
a corkscrew was sent for, and each of the de-
parting guests smoked a fragrant Havana
Cigar." The conjunction of "corkscrews"
and "fragrant Havana cigars" is a trifle
puzzling to the purely Bacchic mind. Can it
be that the festively benevolent Mr. Nichols's
"fragrant Havanas" require the aid of a cork-
screw—to draw them?

IMOGENE THE FAIR.

A WAIVERLEA MAGAZINE STORY.

BY
ADOLPHUS FITZMAURICE FITZGIBBONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PALACE OF THE DE GhibELLAS.

The scene was Venice—fair, beautiful, enchanting Venice! 'Twas evening, and the moon poured its refulgent beams upon the city, which had sunk into the quietude of night. On the white marble front of the palace of the de Ghibellas the moonbeams softly played. It was a royal building, massive in its contour, grand in its outlines, vast in its environment. It might well have served as an abode for royalty itself, and, in days long passed into oblivion, the de Ghibellas were almost royal. Alas! how fleeting is human grandeur. Yesterday you might have borrowed a dollar with ease; to-morrow you may be tramping. The vast wealth of the de Ghibellas, which had made them great even among the magnates of the world, had disappeared. Their palace was all that remained to the family. By letting out the lower floors, the de Ghibellas was enabled to live in the mansard in tolerable comfort.

The de Ghibellas had but one child, a daughter, who was known throughout Venice as the fairest of the fair. And in truth Imogene de Ghibella was as lovely as a summer day. Great, large, black, lustrous eyes looked into your face with that confiding expression we see in the eyes of the gazelle; daintily chiseled features, instinct with pride, betrayed at a glance the maiden's patrician lineage; vast masses of shining, jet-black tresses were wound around her noble head; and a lithe, graceful form enabled her, when she moved, to walk every inch a queen.

The bell of a neighboring convent chimed ten! For an hour Imogene had been hanging out of the window, indulging in maiden meditation in the glorious midnight. Seduced by the charms of the still, calm night, she gracefully clambered out of the window, sat down in the conduit for water placed at the edge of the roof, and idly permitted her lower limbs to hang over the eaves. There she sat and dreamed, while the stars twinkled at her, the moon threw moon-beams at her, the water in the canal before the palace gurgled at her, and the lowest of the clouds gently touched her dainty cheek.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS.

Suddenly a sound was heard, a soft, gentle, enchanting sound. Imogene's ears at once stood erect. She glanced down into the canal beneath her, and there she plainly saw the shadowy outlines of a gondola, in which was a man, who, with the skill of an artist, was touching the strings of a guitar. Ah, well she knew that that manly form was Alonzo de Fahrine, a young French nobleman! She had met him at several balls, and her heart had been at once surrendered to him. He was indeed a noble youth. A high, white, marble-like brow was shaded by curling locks, dark as midnight; his dark eyes flashed with his emotions; a tall, manly form and bright, well-cut features made him a cavalier whom any girl might have loved. Suddenly the clear notes of a perfectly modulated tenor voice reached the ears of Imogene, bearing to her these words:

"Elle est une mignonne,
Elle est une marguerite,
Elle est un chausson,
Elle est un agneau,
Vous l'entendriez jouer
Sur le piano-forté;
Une telle éducation a mon Imogène."

Imogene's eyes flashed fire, her heart beat rapidly, and her cheek flushed as she listened to the dulcet strains. She took her dainty lace handkerchief, pressed it against her heart, kissed it passionately a dozen times, and then let it float down to her lover, who was waiting below. Eagerly she listened, and, with the acute hearing for which her high-bred race was renowned, she heard the kiss which Alonzo impressed upon the handkerchief, and a moment afterwards she heard the deep sigh which he uttered as the gondolier slowly rowed him away from her he loved. Imogene gracefully and majestically, as became a de Ghibella, crawled up the roof to her window, and silently and skillfully backed through the window into her room. Ere she retired to her couch she threw a parting kiss to the moon.

CHAPTER III.

A VILLAIN'S PLOT.

The love of Imogene and Alonzo might have run smoothly enough had it not been for a brother of Imogene's mother. He was a priest, and he had darkly and desperately resolved that the Church should obtain the palace of the de Ghibellas. Imogene's father was in the cold, cold grave, and the priest, Fra Giacomo, as he was called, had a boundless influence over Imogene's mother. He had determined that Imogene should get her to a nunnery. He had almost persuaded Imogene to accede to his wishes when Alonzo appeared on the scene.

Touched deep in his heart by love for Imogene, Alonzo had addressed himself to her mother with a request that he might be allowed to indulge in the delightful experience of matrimony with Imogene. His request was taken into consideration. In the meantime, however, Fra Giacomo had learned of the proposal. Instantly he swore that it should never be. When Alonzo called for his answer he was met by Fra Giacomo, who, in stern and remorseless words, bade him banish Imogene from his heart, for she should never, never marry.

The lovers were in deep distress! Alonzo was forbidden to enter the palace of the de Ghibellas, and Imogene was prevented from leaving the palace, except under the guard of her stern and remorseless uncle. For a week they had not seen each other, except as they obtained surreptitious glances when he brought his gondola beneath her window, and sang to her in the moonlight.

One night fortune favored the lovers. Imogene learned that her uncle was compelled to celebrate mass on a certain night at midnight. When her lover again sang beneath her window, she dropped with her handkerchief a little note, urging him to meet her in the cloisters of the ruined chapel of St. Augustine. It was with a heart that throbbed with the most intense ardor that on that evening she crawled back to her room.

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT TRYST.

It was with scarcely conceivable impatience that Alonzo waited in the cloisters for Imogene. His watch, being a rather cheap silver affair, was thirty minutes too fast. Finally, however, on the stroke of midnight, a sylph-like form glided into the church. He sprang forward and clasped his loved one in his arms.

"Alonzo!" she murmured.

"My darling!" he exclaimed as he pressed his lips to hers.

Then he placed his arm around her waist and looked into her eyes. With a tender grace she removed his arm.

"Not thus, Alonzo!" she murmured. "That

distinguished philosopher, Monsieur Guillaume de Birch has said: 'Familiarity breeds des-pise.'"

"Oh, Imogene," he cried, "you do not doubt my love?"

"Nay, nay, Alonzo! Well do I believe that in the inner depths of your bosom my image is imprinted on your heart, but remember, my loved one, as that most remarkable traveler, Monsieur Carlos de Backus, has said: 'Too much embracement induces familiarity.'"

"And now, fair Imogene," he cried, "let us fly from your dreadful uncle!"

"Would I were a bird," she cried, "and I would fly to the uttermost parts of the earth with thee."

"Let me look into thy eyes, beloved one!" he whispered.

He gazed into her optics, but, not being an eye doctor, he discovered nothing there.

For a moment they were silent: then the labial projections of the respective faces came into close contact; there was a momentary adhesion, and then they came apart with a slight report. Alas, that smack was heard! Hardly had their lips parted, when a deep voice in their neighborhood exclaimed:

"Aha! what have we here?"

As the words were uttered, Imogene's dreaded uncle stood before them.

"Ho, ho, Miss!" cried Fra Giacomo. "Is this the way you spend your evenings?"

Imogene shrank away from him.

CHAPTER V.

THE VILLAIN FOILED.

Fra Giacomo advanced and seized Imogene by the wrist.

"So," said he mockingly, "you would fly away, would you?"

Imogene uttered a slight scream as he twisted her arm.

"I'll teach you," he muttered. "To-morrow you shall enter a nunnery."

"By what right," cried Alonzo, "do you detain that lady?"

"I am her mother's brother," mockingly replied Fra Giacomo.

Alonzo's patience was at an end; he could endure no more; his blood boiled in his veins.

"Unhand that lady!" he cried, as he tore the priest's cowl from his head. "By all that is sacred on heaven and earth, she is mine! I love her and she is pledged to me. Unhand her, villain!"

"Aha!" cried Fra Giacomo, "would you dare to beard me? Have at you then!"

But the villain had said his last word and performed his last wicked deed. He was afflicted with altogether too much adipose tissue to permit him to indulge in either violent language or violent action. In a flash he fell upon the floor dead; apoplexy had seized him as he spoke, and had cut the thread of his life.

Outside of the church Alonzo and Imogene found the myrmidons of Fra Giacomo, and instructed them to remove the body.

CHAPTER VI.

ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

Three weeks afterwards Alonzo and Imogene were wedded. They did not deem it necessary for them to weep over Fra Giacomo, and, when his influence had been removed, Imogene's mother gladly assented to the wishes of the lovers. Imogene's wedding-dress was made by Worth, and all her outfit came from Paris. On her wedding-day she was indeed Imogene the Fair. The daily papers of Naples gave full accounts of her appearance at the church, and of the joyful wedding-feast which was spread in the top floor of the palace of the de Ghibellas.

OUR OWN COWLEY.

WRITING on Saturday at noon, cut off from the coming events that don't cast their shadows before by the inexorable demands of our own press-men, we are able only to hazard a very confident prediction that the Reverend Edward Cowley will never suffer the penalty attaching to the crimes of which he is accused. Respect for the court which is trying him forbids us to make any further comment on the subject.

But no such consideration forbids our speaking of the people on whose action we base this prediction. The Reverend Edward Cowley may be guilty or not guilty: that is for the Court and the Jury to say. But whether he is or whether he is not, a large, rich and influential body of men has declared in his favor; and its power will probably be sufficient to overrule even an adverse verdict in a higher court.

Do you really think that any ordinarily constituted jury will convict a prisoner about whom cluster, in open court, offering every demonstration of sympathy, confidence and respect—the most fashionable ladies who sit in the most fashionable churches of the city, and the pastors of those fashionable churches—the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church; the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, rector of Grace Church; the Rev. Robert S. Howland, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest—for instance?

Or do you really think that, were he once convicted, the enormous wealth and social power represented by this gathering would not be sufficient to keep any man out of danger of our loose and ill-enforced laws?

We have seen that these people have the will to extend their protection to the man on trial, without waiting to find out whether the evidence proved him guilty or innocent. There seems to be very little room for doubt that their influence will be exerted in his behalf should it be needed—which is unlikely, after the demonstration already made in court.

No, we feel quite safe in saying that Mr. Cowley, be he guilty or be he innocent, will in the end go scot free—and lecture.

So we have got his lecture ready for him. And here it is:

"THE HALLUCINATIONS OF CHILDREN."

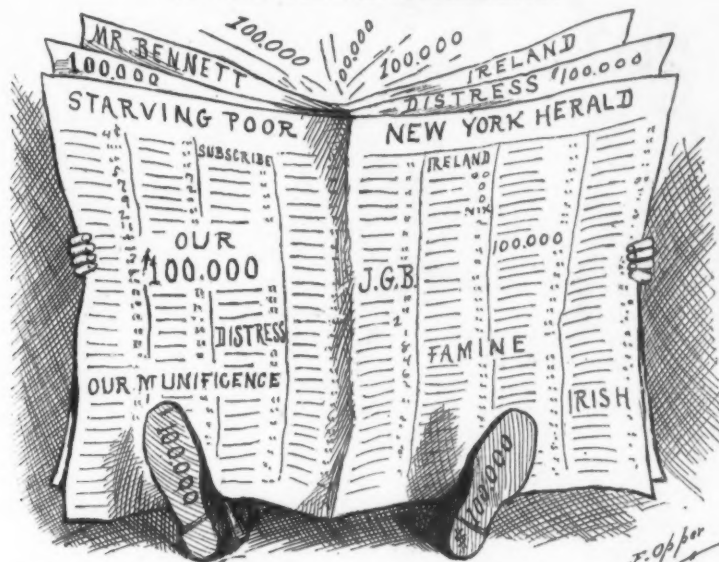
This is not the first time that I have addressed so large an audience. I have frequently expounded the word of God from the pulpit, especially as chaplain to the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, and in sundry churches in Lowell, Mass., and elsewhere. But to the lecture platform I am a comparative stranger, and should probably have remained so had not public attention been drawn to certain ridiculous statements concerning my treatment of some small boys and girls that I, in my goodness and kindness of heart, had permitted to abide with me, and to whom I generously gave food, raiment, and shelter.

I have spoken of the tender solicitude I had for the little ones under my control; but I have not told you of the luxuries in which I permitted them to revel. Each little cherub used to sleep on a bed of roses (jacqueminot), changed three times a day. The hangings of their couches consisted of the costliest Eastern tissue, and the darlings actually lived in an atmosphere of sensuous luxury and elegance.

Nothing could more bountiful, than their diet, which vied in excellence with the choicest viands that ever graced the table of an Apicius. Their breakfast consisted of Pâté de Foie Gras; Suprême de Volaille; Poulet à la Marengo; Choux aux Champignons, à la Jardinière; Omelette aux Confitures; and, for wine, Château d'Yquem, crème de tête.

For luncheon they were treated to Jambon aux truffes, sauce piquante, and Hash à la Cow-

A BIG ADVERTISEMENT.



THE NEWS IS CROWDED OUT—BUT HE GETS HIS MONEY BACK.

ley, aux cheveux. Their luncheon drink was Pêlé-ôlé (Bière Anglaise).

For dinner the little lambs had Julienne or Green Turtle Soup; Shad (in season, or out of season) Saumon à l'Ecossoise; Tête de Veau en tortue; Huitres aux coquilles; Dindon rôti aux marrons; Salmi de Canard-dos-de-toile; Cotelettes en papillottes; Pommes-de-Terre à la mode Parisienne; Choufleurs à la Maître-d'Hôtel; G. H. Mumm's Dry Verzenay, Château Lafitte, Café noir and Reina Victoria cigars.

Now the above can certainly not be looked upon as an illiberal bill of fare, and I really thought that the dear little darlings would appreciate my humble efforts to make them happy; but, strange as it may appear, the effect was a diametrically opposite one. So accustomed did they become to good living that it actually affected their immature brains, and they now labor under the hallucination that Pâté de foie gras was Hominy, that Poulet à la Marengo was Beans, that Château d'Yquem was Skim Milk. To such a hopeless condition were their little minds reduced that their angelic little bodies lost vitality in sympathy with their intellects—which occasioned me great concern.

Some mistaken philanthropists heard these juvenile lunatics complain of their treatment, and the world knows the rest—how I was first abused, then investigated, then honorably acquitted, and then started out on a lecturing tour to discourse on my specialty, the "Hallucinations of Children." Take Me As I Am.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—So you did plank up for her.

S. W., JERMYN, PA.—Your inclosure is clever; but rather too local in its application. Some day we will put it through our patent condensing mill, and serve it up to our readers in a more taking style.

OBSERVER.—There is a beautifully discreet vagueness about your suggestion which scarcely enhances its value. And, anyway, just at present, the only American Meat which is of interest to the public is the American Meat which Cowley didn't give to the American infants.

CALIDORE.—Now, there is nothing, Calidore, nothing, absolutely nothing, that we like better than a political satire. But we don't care quite so much for satires based on the liberal plan of the New York Directory. We can't afford to buy more than one linear yard of satire at a time; and that would leave you with a rod or two of your poem useless on your hands.

THE THEATRES.

There never was a prettier show, in every sense, than that of the "Children's Carnival" at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC last Saturday. It reflected great credit on those who organized it.

At HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, "An Arabian Night" is now being played. Miss Mabel Jordan assumes the part of *Rosa Maybloom*, in which Catharine Lewis scored such a triumph.

The new opera bouffe extravaganza of "Hiawatha" succeeds the merry nonsense of "Horror" at the STANDARD. The music is by Mr. E. E. Rice, the libretto by Mr. N. Childs, and Voegtlin is the scenic artist.

"Engaged" has been revived at Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE, with almost its original cast. The performance on Monday night last left little to be desired. Agnes Booth eats her tarts with the same unctuous gusto, and the other characters are most efficiently filled.

The NEW YORK SKATING-RINK, on Madison Avenue, between 58th and 59th Streets, is a rankling thorn in the bosom of Jack Frost; for here one can skate on artificial ice, regardless of the state of the thermometer outside. There is music afternoon and evening, and a very superior grand carnival each Wednesday night.

Mr. Steele Mackaye has no cause to complain of the patronage bestowed on his wonderfully beautiful theatre, with its marvelous double stage, elevated orchestra, and his fine company. There are many good points in the drama of "Hazel Kirke," in spite of the old-fashioned melo-dramatic plane on which it is written.

At BOOTH'S THEATRE Messrs. Abbey and Hickey have introduced an entertainment which is eminently successful. This version of "Humpty Dumpty" is as well done as ever was the original in its palmiest days, even making allowances for the absence of poor departed Fox. The Spanish students sing most agreeably, and their appearance is decidedly picturesque. The Sunday night concerts, in which they, as well as Levy, Mlle. Carreno, Amy Sherwin, Chris. Fritsch, appear, are an excellent idea, and are well attended.

That ball of balls, the Arion, is to come off to-morrow night at the Madison Square Garden. It will be on the usual grand scale, and the features of the procession, if all we hear about it is true, will be startlingly brilliant in their originality.

The S. P. C. Vulture seeks a Trustworthy Individual.



The Trustworthy Individual acts as a Shadow to Respectability.



Only one house broken up, and many happy homes destroyed by the Shadow System.

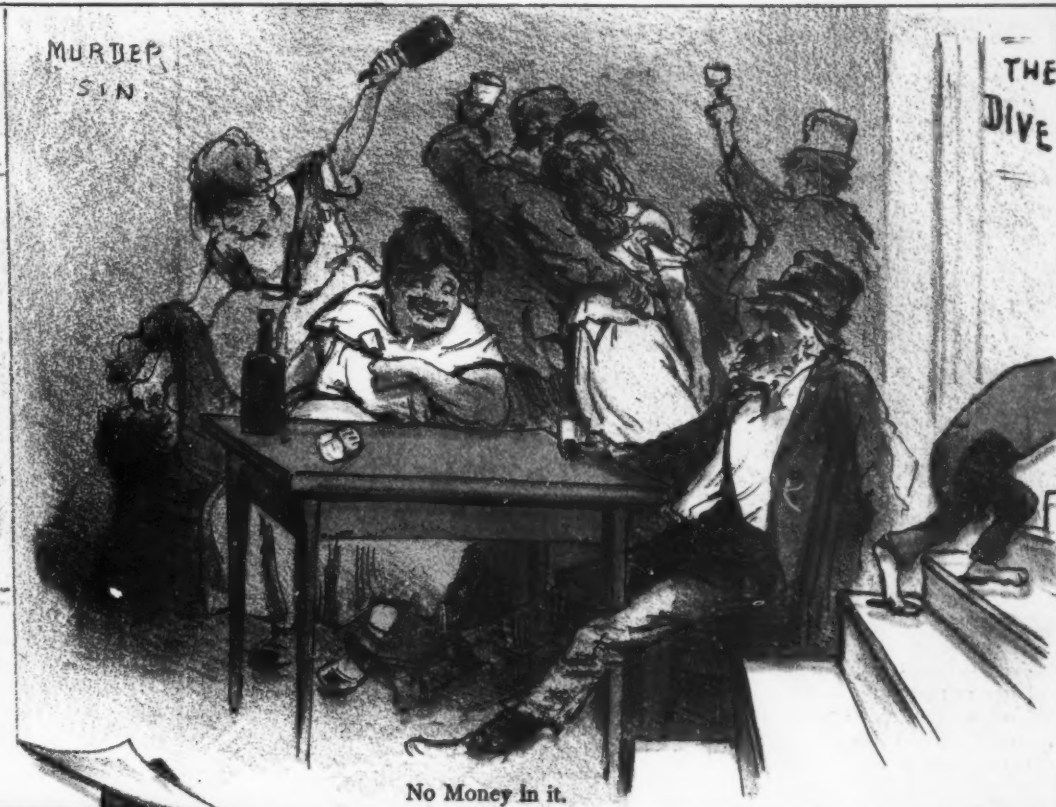


The Liberty-Loving American.





Sensibly Employed.



No Money in it.



The only name that should be on the Black List.

HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES
OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN
TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

PART FIRST.—OCEANICA.

CHAPTER X.

MORE PIRATES.

THE idyllic occupations described in the last chapter were interrupted one fine day by the return of the marine tramps who had been spared by the explosive pig of Chapter VII. [It may be observed here that the pirates didn't know that the pig was loaded.] These were the three boss buccaneers, reinforced by a huge gang of hideous subordinates. Captain Hermesianax Pratt rubbed his eyes, swore at large, and then ordered a hasty retreat to the highest parts of the island, whence he watched, with as much equanimity as was possible under the circumstances, the destruction of his comb-factory, and the capture of his vessel by the low-down ruffians, who landed from their catamarans like a lot of hungry water-spiders.

Not that Hermesianax was conquered. Far from it. He was good for any number of pirates, or he would never have been selected for the hero of this narrative. Pratt was a man of expedients; and he blossomed out, on this occasion, with an expedient that did him credit. Under his directions, his hardy fellow-voyagers utilized the time during which the pirates were knocking chaos out of the tortoise-shell-comb works, by hoisting all the stray turtles to be found up to the top of a lofty peak that dominated the cheerful situation.

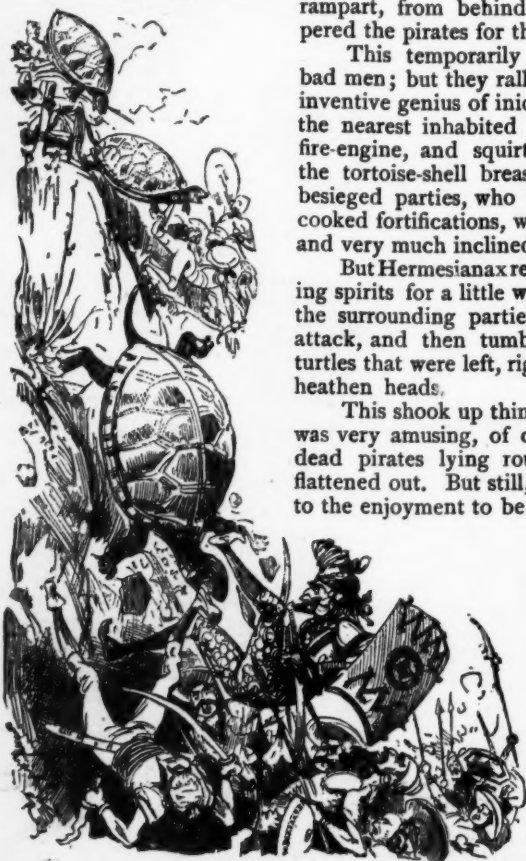
Of these, they built a nice little

rampart, from behind which they peppered the pirates for three days.

This temporarily discouraged the bad men; but they rallied, and, with the inventive genius of iniquity, they sent to the nearest inhabited island for a steam fire-engine, and squirted hot water on the tortoise-shell breastworks, until the besieged parties, who had to eat their cooked fortifications, were horribly sick, and very much inclined to surrender.

But Hermesianax revived their drooping spirits for a little while, by decoying the surrounding parties into making an attack, and then tumbling all the live turtles that were left, right down on their heathen heads.

This shook up things a little, and it was very amusing, of course, to see the dead pirates lying round loose, neatly flattened out. But still, there was a limit to the enjoyment to be derived from the contemplation of even such a lovely spectacle, and their imprisonment was beginning to tell sadly upon the nervous systems of the over-beturtled mariners, when something rather surprising happened.



CHAPTER XI.

MONKEYS AGAIN.

This something will be quite as surprising to the reader as it was to Hermesianax. In fact, to give the reader a pleasant start, we took the liberty, a chapter or two back, of telling a deliberate lie.

We said that the island on which Hermesianax had landed was not the isle of his infancy. It was the isle of his infancy, and the gentle simians among whom his youth had been passed were still acrobaticizing on the other coast.

'Twas midnight. In his guarded army-blanket the big boss buccaneer was dreaming of the hour when Hermesianax, his knee in supppliance bent, should tremble at his [the big boss buccaneer's] power.

An hour passed on. The big boss buccaneer awoke. That bright dream was his last—positively his last, and no postponement on account of weather. He woke to hear his sentries shriek:

"To arms! they come; the monkeys!—the monkeys!"

And, starting to his feet with a roar of horror and astonishment, he cried, in choice Malay:

"I've got 'em now, for sure!"

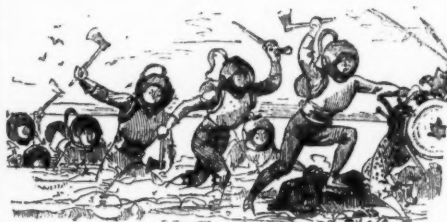
The error was a pardonable one. The ambient atmosphere appeared to be filled with monkeys. Nay, more, the ambient atmosphere was filled with monkeys.

The whole simian population of the isle, discovering from afar the perilous situation of their ancient comrade, had come to his rescue with a small wilderness of big clubs, and they were now engaged in actively and energetically cleaning out the pirates.

This operation they performed fairly successfully. The B. B. B. saw quite clearly that a modest retirement was the thing for him, and, with the most agile of his followers, he lit out for the deep blue sea.

But there was no more life on the ocean wave for him—no more

home on the rolling deep—none to speak of, that is; for he had not got over his knees in the water when he encountered a troop of strange and startling monsters, who axed him to death with their precipitate little hatchets.



CHAPTER XII.

DIVERS FACTS.

As morning broke over the rather mussed-up scene, Hermesianax tenderly embraced his preservers, and renewed his acquaintance with his venerable foster-parents, and with his simian foster-brothers and foster-sisters, as well as with six or eight subsequent broods.

They were excessively glad to see him, and very nearly rubbed his nose off in their transports of joy.

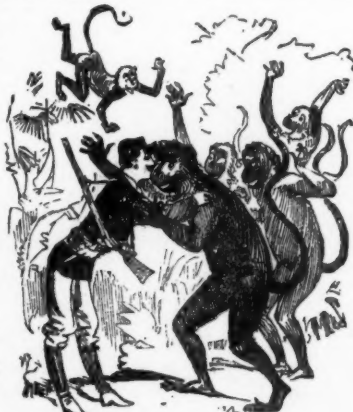
"But who," queried Hermesianax, "are my allies from the briny?"

They were, indeed, a strangely got-up crowd. Their costume consisted of rubber suits, surmounted by a species of binnacle from which long rubber tubes stretched out to the far horizon.

It does strike one as queer, you know, to see a lot of people with their hose on their heads—doesn't it?

"Who are you?" Hermesianax demanded of their leader, who, raising his helmet, displayed the features of a well-known and popular *tenore di grazia*.

"We are," he responded, "a submarine Pinafore company. We have been six months on the road; and, we are sorry to say, we find that the Pinafore boom is sub-



siding. Biz is bad. There is no sale for tickets—no take—except halibut steak. We have just got the right to play the 'Pirates of Penzance,' and we have come here to get a little local coloring, and study up the genuine pirate in his real, original native lair."

"Then you've just killed off the last of your models," said Captain Hermesianax: "very sorry, you know. If you had sent word that you were coming, I would have saved one or two for you."

"Thanks—don't mention it," politely replied the deep-sea Pinafore: "you don't happen to know of a tenor or two knocking about, do you? Or a few dozen good mixed voices for a chorus? We're short, you know."

This struck Hermesianax and his friends as an excellent opportunity to change their line of business, and, after trying it, and finding that they all possessed fine voices, and a sound knowledge of music, including the tonic sol-fa notation, they determined to abandon the *Airy Albatross* for the present, and try submarine Pinaforeing.

"But how do you manage to get supplied with air?" was Hermesianax's not unnatural question.

"Air?" replied the Pinafore manager: "we get more air than we want, even. These pipes, with telephone attachment, connect with the Chamber of the House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., U.S. of A.; and if you ever go there you will understand that, so long as there is any atmosphere left, and the American nation exists, we shall never want for wind."

Hermesianax wanted his Simian friends to go along with him; but they refused. They were not proud; but they felt that they had the dignity of the monkey race to sustain; and they positively could not associate with a Pinafore troupe. That was cutting it much too low, socially. So they parted. The good monkeys returned to their part of the island; and Hermesianax and his companions set forth to Pinafore, the fate-accursed Zebulon Cochection signaling the first day of the tour by getting swallowed by an oyster—a good, tough old deep-sea oyster, to whom the whole company had to sing Pinafore for three hours, before his stubborn stomach yielded, and he was forced to release the imprisoned ex-mate of the *Airy Albatross*.



CHAPTER XIII.

SHE.*

"Father," said the youngest and fairest daughter of old Ra-Taphia, the Rajah of Boumayam, in tones of sweet, yet inflexible determination: "for the last time, will you let me have that spring hat, or will you not?"

"Not by the great goodajaya of Vishnu I will not!" returned the stern parent, and the lovely Mysora Kalaya Bijou Keteescha turned sadly away and gazed pensively out over the broad expanse of placid ocean visible from the southern balcony of the palace.

She had gazed thus, had Mysora [never mind the rest of her name], for about half an hour, when her stern parent returned, foaming at his royal and rajahrial mouth.

"This thing," said he: "is wambawayadaja.† Here are one hundred and ninety-seven of your two hundred sisters asking me for spring-bonnets, too! By the larumaya that fiddled before Buddha, I will put a stop to this. Death shall be your portion, extravagant girl!"



* We did not mean to have any woman in this story when we began it; but we have seen cause to go back on our determination.

† Malay equivalent for "played out."

"Oh, pa, don't talk so!" sighed the fair Mysora: "you wouldn't be half so horrid, would you?"

"I would!" yelled the infuriated monarch: "what ho, without these! Send me up an executioner or two!"

The executioners promptly appeared. People in the palace of Rajah Ra-Taphia had a habit of being around when they were wanted.

"Take this young person and chop her into little bits," nonchalantly commanded the Rajah, as he languidly twirled his moustache.

"May we respectfully represent to your unspeakable and ineffable and plenipotential highness," said the pluckiest of the two gory menials, "that we have already chopped up six dozen of your adorable daughters this morning, and that our experience, so far, goes to show that not only does the amusement, as an amusement, pall on the taste; but that the operation makes an awful muss?"

"Does it, really?" murmured the Rajah, reflectively. "Then suppose you take her out and deposit her on a rock in the bay, right in sight of my library window, where I may watch her dying agonies, as the cruel crawling foam—the cruel hungry foam—to quote a popular poet—slips up around her, and finally engulfs her in the pitiless main. You can't swim, can you?" he inquired, turning to his daughter.

"No, pa," returned the dutiful girl: "I cannot tell a lie. Unlike the festive and traditional duck, I can not natate."

"I did not send you," her parent remarked, with a blood-curdling frown: "to the Australasian branch of Vassar College to learn to sling any such language as that at your old father's whitening head. Off with her, me merry, merry men!"

And they offed her right out to a rock in the offing. There she sat and paddled her little feet in the pellucid water, and tried to look as if she liked it, just to spite her bad old parent, who was watching her from the palace window, through a telescope. This was the Rajah's way of thinning out his daughters, and Mysora had seen so many of her sisters thus treated that she felt quite accustomed to the situation, and for a while took it very coolly, much to the disappointment of her papa.

But feminine courage is a curious thing, and bad to bet on. A little crab bit Mysora's darling diminutive toe; and she wept, and wailed, and sobbed out that she thought her father was a mean old thing.

"He is," said a manly voice at her very feet: "I haven't the honor of his personal acquaintance; but anybody who could make himself objectionable to a young lady of your distinguished personal attractions must be a mean old thing, and I will even say, and say it boldly, an unappreciative brute!"

And bending, with stately courtesy, this patient Perseus in caoutchouc imprinted a stately kiss upon the hand of his Malayan Andromeda.†

But it was all wasted—all except the kiss. The young woman did not understand English, and Hermesianax—for it was Hermesianax ‡—had to say it all over again in Malay, which rather flattened out the sentiment and spontaneity of the performance.

However, Mr. Pratt made it all right in a few moments, and entered into a fluent conversation with the fair damsel, who told him about her father's cruelty, and the horrible crab.

"What shall I do?" she cried, in agony: "there he is now, putting off a boat to come after me."

"I'll fix § all that," replied Hermesianax, confidently: "you sing Pinafore, don't you?"

"Of course," she replied, with promptitude.

"Then I will get you a diving suit, and you shall join our company. Luckily, we are just in want of a prima donna. Come along."

And he got the diving suit; and she went along, and the Rajah was left to gnash his disappointed teeth in impotent rage.

[To be continued.]



PUCK has opened a subscription for "reshipping Mr. Parnell to Ireland, in good order and as well-conditioned as he ever was." It estimates the expense of the job as follows: "Steering ticket, per State Line of Steamers to Belfast or Dublin, \$26; passenger's outfit (mattress, blanket, pannikin, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon), \$4; one piece of pie, 10 cents. Total, \$30.10." Mr. Parnell would do well to close in with these overtures, even though the subscriptions should fall short of supplying the estimated store of pie. Even "that noble American product" can be dispensed with in an emergency.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

* We hereby offer \$50 reward for any genuine, straight, ordinary built frown that will curdle blood without fail.

† You see, we can tip you a little mythology when we want to.

‡ Smart of you to guess it, wasn't it?

§ Americanism that has crept into the Malay language.



Puck's Exchanges.

OUR navy, in its present form, is just as useful to the nation as a pair of suspenders to a South Sea islander.—*Boston Post*.

BEFORE Harvey discovered the circulation of blood, the man who was hit on the nose supposed that organ held a pint of "claret" all the time.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE telephone is only about two years old, but some of the jokes about it sound as though they were ragged when the pyramids were young.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE noses of the princes are reported safe, and a special day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout Her Majesty's dominions will shortly be announced.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*.

OH, yes; undoubtedly James Gordon Bennett "gave that \$100,000 as an advertisement," and the starving poor of Ireland wish there were more just such advertisers.—*Boston Post*.

A KENTUCKY man undertook to rescue a book-agent from drowning, but an inscrutable Providence not only prevented, but drowned the misguided wretch himself.—*New Haven Register*.

WE advise the authors of the rejected manuscripts lying about this office to call for them and go to Nevada or Montana. House servants are paid from \$25 to \$40 a month there.—*Washington Capital*.

THE head waiter of a hotel is the chap who comes to inquire how you are getting along, after you have been served. During the half hour you are waiting for a waiter he is not visible.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE electric light is a success. A musician named Bruno was killed a fortnight ago by a shock from an electric light apparatus, in Birmingham, England. Learners on the violin will please take notice.—*Rochester Express*.

PROF. DE MILLE left a novel behind him.—*New Haven Register*. You wouldn't have had him take it with him, would you?—*Ottawa City Derrick*. Out of regard for the afflicted readers, most certainly yes.—*New Haven Register*.

PARNELL announces that he has received \$5,048 60 in donations from this part of the country so far. This shows that our personal subscription arrived safely, but we should like to know whom the \$48.60 was from.—*San Francisco Post*.

If you want something funny to read, Go at once to the nearest book-stall, And you'll find there the book you need, Fay-mous PUCK's sprightly new ANNUAL. An-you-al want a copy, and don't you forget it.—*Wheeling Leader*.

THE mother who retains her temper when she finds her naughty children tying her best Sunday bonnet to the cat's tail is one of the very few individuals who would be satisfied with securing a second-class pair of wings when she becomes an angel.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

WOMAN, read this: A girl down in Massachusetts, who painted pottery, has become insane. And in the horrible dreams and hideous fancies that glare upon her darkened mind, she imagines she sees all the things she has painted. The medical men say there is no hope for her.—*Hawkeye*.

BEECHER says if he had a thousand boys he would make them gunners by the time they were ten years old. If he had a thousand boys he could not have hit upon a more ingenious method to reduce their number, but we hope he will never have as many as that.—*Rochester Express*.

NETTIE MURPHEE, of Selma, Alabama, writes: "How do you make gold ink?" Ha, Nettie, we never tried. We should consider it wicked waste of gold. Now if we only knew how to make ink gold, we'd buy a barrel of it every Monday and run a bonanza all the rest of the week.—*Hawkeye*.

A FASHION item says:—"Stockings striped lengthwise are shown for women and children. They make a thin leg look scrawny." Now we have got to be posted immediately on one of two things. We want to either know what scrawny means, or else what is a thin leg.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

MRS. TROLLOPE, the very English novelist, is quoted by Miss Brewster as exclaiming: "Have you any ugly women in the United States? For surely only beautiful ones come to Europe from your country." Why is it that a Trollope can never speak the truth about this country?—*Phila. Bulletin*.

QUEEN VICTORIA's wages are \$5,000 a day. She doesn't play polo, fit out Arctic expeditions, nor fight expensive, though bloodless, duels, and yet she can't afford to give as much to the Irish sufferers as the editor of the *Herald*. P.S.—The *New York Herald*, we mean.—*Norristown Herald*.

IN a little family discussion, the other day, the madam remarked, somewhat tartly: "When I marry again—" "I suppose you will marry a fool," interrupted the husband. "Beg your pardon," said she, "I shall do nothing of the kind. I prefer a change." The lord and master wilted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THERE are no snakes in Iceland, and the Icelanders know nothing of the reptile, and so, when one of the inhabitants of that isle has the jim-jams, he can't imagine that he sees snakes, and has to be contented with thinking that he's trying to get away from a horrid dog with nineteen legs, and three bears with illuminated heads.—*Boston Post*.

WHEN the pious shepherd Cowley wasn't praying, Wasn't praying,
He loved to boat his "lambs" upon the head,
'Pon the head;
When the winter winds were round his "Fold"
a-playing, Fold a-playing,
He lodged them with one sheet for every bed,
Every bed.
When with aching fist he could no longer pound them,
Longer pound them,
The cat-o'-nine-tails caused a powerful sting,
Powerful sting,
Oh, take things generally as it found them,
As it found them,
Life at the "Fold" was not a happy thing.
Kingston Freeman.

NOTICE.

Number 26 of PUCK will be bought at this Office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St., at 50 CENTS per copy. No. 14 at 25 Cents; and Nos. 92 and 103 at 10 Cents per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

A KEY THAT AND NOT
WILLING ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.
SOLD BY WATCHMAKERS, by mail, 30 cts. Circulars
FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 55 Day St., N.Y.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICHORN, No. 4 St. Marks Place, New York.

DURHAM CATTLE are the pride of stock-raisers, and Blackwell's Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco is the choice of all judges of tobacco.

Singing Pinafore.

A patient had four teeth extracted at Dr. Colton's, in the Cooper Institute, and, on awaking, exclaimed, "Didn't I hear somebody singing 'Pinafore'?" The most delicate and feeble can take the gas, as it exhilarates instead of depressing. We have given it to 114,000 patients, at this writing, without an accident. We never supply other dentists with our gas.

STANDARD THEATRE. Broadway and 33d St.
W. HENDERSON, Proprietor & Manager.

RICE'S SUPRISE PARTY IN "HORRORS."

In Preparation—"HIAWATHA."
EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE, at 1:30
Admission 25c., 50c., \$1 and \$1.50.

DOCUTA CAPSULETS.
Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Recent or Chronic. They will cure any recent case in seven days. The word Docuta is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsulets (small size) 75 cents. Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & CO., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Circulars free.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, P. O. Box 1023, 78 John St., N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing Tonic of exquisite flavor now used over the whole civilized world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, Colics and all disorders of the Digestive organs. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—J. W. Hancox, U. S. Sole Agent, 61 Broadway, P. O. Box, 2610, N. Y. City.

Arion Masquerade Ball

AT
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19th.

Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady, \$5; extra ladies' tickets, \$3, can be had at Schmidt's, 33 Broad St.; Michalis & Lindemann's, 21 Wall St.; R. Katzenmayer's, 83 Liberty St.; A. P. Fitch's, 91 Nassau St.; F. J. Kaldenberg's, 125 Fulton St. and 6 Astor House; C. M. Vom Baur's, 89 Mercer St.; William Sachse & Co.'s, 737 Broadway; Hanft Bros., 795 Broadway and 224 5th Ave.; Wilhelm & Graef's, 1,141 Broadway; Spangenberg's, 699 6th Ave.; H. Colell's, 202 Chatham square; Henry Haas's, 213 East 54th St.; George Ehret's, East 92d St.; also from members, and at Arion Hall, 19 and 21 St. Marks Place.

Established 1838.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Solid Silver & Plated Wares, 363 CANAL STREET, Betw. 5, 6th Ave. & Wooster St., NEW YORK. Bargains in every department. American Watches, \$7. Stem Winders, \$12. Solid 14 k. Gold American Stem Winders, \$50. Diamond Studs, \$10. and upwards. Wedding Rings, \$3. and upwards. The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices.

Repairing of every description neatly executed.
GOODS SENT C. O. D. TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.
Send for Price List.

SANDIFER,

DIAMOND MERCHANT
5th Avenue Hotel.
NO FANCY PRICES

BILLIARD AND 10-PIN BALLS.

Cloth, Cues, Cue-Tips, Chalk, etc., Checks, Chessmen, TOILET SETS, Canes, Fans, etc. Repairing done.

F. GROTE & CO.,
No. 114 East Fourteenth St., New York.



IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL

North German Lloyd

STEAMSHIP LINE

New York, Southampton & Bremen.

Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.

RHEIN.....Saturday, Jan. 31 | MAIN.....Saturday, Feb. 14
 NECKAR.....Saturday, Feb. 7 | WESER.....Saturday, Feb. 21
 Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,
 HAVRE, or BREMEN:
 First Cabin.....\$100 | Second Cabin.....\$60
 Steerage, \$50.
 Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$30
 N. B.—Steerage tickets to all points in the South of England, \$30.
OELEICH & CO., General Agents,
 No. 2 Bowling Green.

COOK'S GRAND EXCURSIONS TO EUROPE!

1880 FOR THE SUMMER OF 1880

ANNUAL MAY PARTY.
GRAND ANNUAL EDUCATIONAL VACATION PARTY.
ANNUAL MIDSUMMER PARTY.

Pamphlet containing full particulars, WITH MAP OF
 EUROPE, sent free on application.
 Tourist Tickets, for Independent Travelers, by all routes.
 Cook's Excursionist contains fares for over 1,000 tours;
 by mail, 10 cents.

Address, **THOMAS COOK & SON,**
 261 Broadway, New York; P. O. Box 4197.

GREENFIELD'S

909 BROADWAY, near 20th St.

CARAMELS A SPECIALTY

MOLASSES CANDY, BLACK WALNUT
 CANDY, MAPLE, VANILLA AND
 COFFEE CREAM WALNUTS.

FINE CHOCOLATES AND BONBONS.

ALSO A LARGE VARIETY
 OF
 FANCY BOXES AND BASKETS.

OTTO ZAHN,

(LATE WITH ADAM ZAHN.)

FLORAL DEPOT

No. 251 GRAND STREET.

Bet. Bowery & Chrystie Str. NEW YORK.
 (MAMMOTH BASEMENT.)
 Branch: 298 Bleecker St., near Barrow,

Naegeli Photographer,
 46 E. 14. St.
 Union Square.
 I GUARANTEE
 THE BEST PICTURES THAT WERE EVER TAKEN.
 Steam Elevator from Street-Door.

A. Weidmann & Co.,

Nos. 244 & 248 Grand St., New York,

Importers of

COSTUMERS MATERIALS,

Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles, etc.

A complete assortment of

MASKS.

Manufacturers of the patented "Humpty Dumpty" Faces.

Sample lots of Masks for the trade, comprising the most desirable styles, from five Dollars upwards.

FRESCO STENCILS.

J. E. GIFFORD, 141 East 52d St., New York.

STRANDED.

At a brilliant *bal masque*, my charmer I met,
 Ah, me!

The memory of moments, I'll never forget,
 When she

Darted love-glances from optics of blue—
 This pretty, voluptuous, languishing Lu—

Dainty her foot-fall and natty her shoe,
 Her prattle so piquant, her manner so true

And free.

We sat down to supper, and ate by the card,
 When she

Observed that round dances she'd learned to
 regard

As the

Best sauce for square meals. Then the way
 She launched into oysters (stew, broil and pâté),

And washed down with claret, billed "Pontet-
 Canet,"

Made me tremble for all I had borrowed that
 day—

Viz.: a V.

— *Erratic Enrique in N. Y. News.*

COL. DE LANCEY KANE has led thirty-five
 cotillions this season. This summer he will
 drive a hack as usual.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MINISTER LOWELL is not a bit of a snob, al-
 though he does part his hair and beard in the
 middle. By the way, why can't a man part his
 hair, if he has any, just where he pleases. If it
 suits him to part it from ear to ear, and sling it
 over his nose, whose business is it? The men
 who make the greatest howl over any freak of
 taste or fancy are the most abject slaves to imi-
 tation and public opinion. If the Declaration
 of Independence did not include hair and
 clothes it should have put in a clause to that
 effect.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

It is a singular fact that, no matter how much
 amusement there may be available in a town or
 village, some people are constantly exclaiming:
 "Oh, there isn't half the fun that there used to
 be." We may perhaps think if this sort of thing
 keeps on we shall become a nation of misan-
 thropes in time; but when we take into con-
 sideration the facts that discontented persons
 in every community have been making foolish
 remarks ever since the world began, and that
 we are still comparatively happy, we may as
 well take new courage and as much rational
 enjoyment as there is lying around loose.—
Rome Sentinel.

MR. MARPLE, a St. Louis artist, wants a di-
 vorce from his wife. One of his grievances is
 that she sent a broken frying-pan to an art
 show, where some of his pictures were on ex-
 hibition, with a request that the hanging com-
 mittee would give it a position as "an example
 of the way in which the talented Mr. Marple
 provided for his family's necessities." Marple
 would have had much stronger grounds for a
 divorce if his wife had sent to the art show, in
 good faith, a frying-pan all decorated with im-
 possible bugs and things, the work of her own
 hands. Some men don't know when they have
 captured a good wife.—*Norristown Herald.*

That invalid wife, mother, sister or child can be made the pic-
 ture of health with Hop Bitters.

G. H. MUMM & CO'S CHAMPAGNE.

IMPORTATION IN 1879,

49,312 CASES,

OR

22,526 Cases MORE

than of any other brand.

CAUTION.—Beware of imposi-
 tion or mistakes, owing to the great
 similarity of caps and labels, un-
 der which inferior brands of Cham-
 pagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO.'S
 Champagne, see that the labels and
 corks bear its name and initials.

FRED'K. DE BARY & CO.,

New York,

Sole Agents in the U. S. and Canadas.

RUNK & UNGER,

No. 50 PARK PLACE,

Sole Agents for

Ayala-Château d'Ay

CHAMPAGNES.

TAUNUS NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Dietrich & Co., Ruedesheim, Rhine Wines.

L. Tappier & Co., Bordeaux, Clarets.

Rouillet & Delamain, Cognacs,

etc., etc.



Volume V. of "Puck,"

Nos. 105-130 incl.,

bound or unbound, for sale at

PUCK OFFICE.

COLLECTION OF ORNAMENTS.

A Book Containing over 1000 Different Designs,

SUCH AS

CRESTS, COAT OF ARMS, VIGNETTES, SCROLLS, CORNERS, BORDERS, &c.

Which will be sent to any address on receipt of \$2.00.

Published by **PALM & FECHTELER**, 403 Broadway, New York.

WEBER,

MANUFACTURER OF
GRAND, SQUARE and UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

Prices reasonable. Terms easy.
WAREROOMS,
5th Ave. and West 16th St., New York.



IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Gentlemen's Hats,
174 Fifth Ave., 179 Broadway,
BETWEEN 22d and 23rd STREETS, NEAR CORTLANDT STREET
NEW YORK.



CELEBRATED
FOR THE MANUFACTURE
OF
Fine Silk Dress, Stiff
and Soft
FELT HATS
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

MATHESIOUS & FREY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
CABINET
FURNITURE

Upholstery, Decorations, &c.,
at Prices to suit the times. Every Article guaranteed
No. 1567 & 1569 Broadway, cor. 47th St., N. Y.

OTTO DENECKE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Mattresses & Spring Beds,
DOWNS & FEATHERS,
ALSO,
Blankets, Comfortables,
No. 89 BOWERY, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

Waldstein, Expert Optician,

known in Vienna, Paris, St. Petersburg and London for upwards of a Century, and in New York for forty years.
Eyes fitted with suitable glasses. Consultation, inquiry and correspondence solicited from those whose sight is impaired.
Only the finest Optical Goods kept on Stock, which the Public are respectfully invited to inspect.

WALDSTEIN,
41 Union Square, Cor. Broadway and 17. Str.

ARTEMUS ON VANITY.

The vast amount of vanity which we see all around us mortifies us. Vanity is a disease worse than the measles, chicken-pox, canker, rash or rheumatism. When it attacks a person, he is, in the language of the late-lamented William Pool, "a goner," unless he makes a desperate effort to save himself.

Vanity makes fools of ever so many individuals, both of the male and female persuasion. Vanity makes young men on fearfully small salaries wear store-clothes every day and neglect to pay their washerwoman.

Vanity makes young women ignore the wash-tub, the cook-stove, the garden, and other health-giving institutions of a like character. It likewise too often maketh them bestow their smiles upon weak-minded poppinjays, to the utter neglect of men of brain, heart and soul. (We'd just as lief be called a perfect wretch as not.)

Vanity makes men whom Nature expressly designed for tin-peddlers, haberdashers and horse-dealers, aspire to be statesmen.

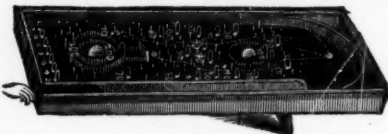
Vanity in short is a monster. When it clutches a person, the best thing he or she can do is to die at the earliest possible convenience.—*Artemus Ward, per Cleveland Voice.*

THE New York Graphic is publishing a series of articles on "Men Who Make Public Opinion," being some account, with portraits, of the prominent newspaper men of the country. The portrait and sketch of the editor of the Frog Hollow Bladder, who, in response to a request from a Philadelphia daily, said there was a strong Tilden feeling in his neighborhood, have not yet appeared.—*Norristown Herald.*

LONDON is still ahead. The Standard of that city says that "Thanatopsis" is one of the best of James Russell Lowell's many poems.—*Boston Post.*

When worn down and ready to take your bed, Hop Bitters is what you need to relieve you.

TO HOTEL AND SALOON KEEPERS.



This game, known as Parlor Bagatelle, has met with wide-spread success. Mounted in handsome black walnut frame, size four feet long by one foot ten inches wide. Covered with green enamel cloth. One silver and one brass bell, brass pins and cups. Below is an extract from one of the many recommendations received:

"634 PEARL STREET, N. Y., May 4, 1879.
M. REDGRAVE, ESQ., Dear Sir: Your table paid for itself in a few days, and I cheerfully recommend it to any saloon keeper who may desire to purchase one."
WM. FINTZEL.

No hotel or saloon should be without one.
Centennial award. Price of above size \$12, C. O. D., delivered free of expressage. Same size superior finish, three bells, \$15. Larger size, five feet long by two feet six inches wide, five bells, fit for the handsomest parlor or hotel, \$30. All tables can be examined before taking up C. O. D., and if not found as represented need not be taken. Handsomely illuminated circulars, of six sizes, sent free. Agents wanted. Address, M. REDGRAVE, Patentee and Manufacturer, 628 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

CHEAPEST BOOK-STORE IN THE WORLD.
175, 672 NEW and OLD Standard Works in Every Department of Literature. Almost given away. Catalogue of General Literature and fiction free. Immense Inducements to Book Clubs and Libraries.

LEGGAT BROTHERS,
3 BECKMAN ST., OPP. POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK.



DENTAL OFFICE

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess
162 West 23rd Street, bet. 6th and 7th Avenues, N. Y.
LATE 389 CANAL STREET.

JAMES McCREERY

BROADWAY & CO. ELEVENTH ST.

French Printed Cottons,
PERCALES,

Toile d'Alsace,

Mummy Cloths,

AND

SATINS,

In the Newest and Choicest
Designs.

NICOLL, the Tailor,

620 Broadway, near Houston St.,

AND

139 to 151 Bowery, N. Y.

BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.

GRAND DISPLAY OF WINTER COODS.

PANTS TO ORDER - \$4.00 to \$10.00.
SUITS TO ORDER - \$15.00 to \$40.00.
OVERCOATS and ULSTERS TO ORDER from \$15.00 upw.

Electric Light used.—Colors seen as distinct as in day time.
Samples sent to every part of the United States, with instructions for self-measurement.

KEEP'S SHIRTS ARE THE VERY BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, only plain seams to finish, 6 for \$7.
KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, very best, MADE TO MEASURE, 6 for \$9. Fit guaranteed.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated Buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES (FOR GENTS),
the very best, plain or embroidered, \$1.10 per pair.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.
BEST GINGHAM, Patent Protected Ribs, \$1 each. Warranted. Fifty per cent stronger than any other umbrellas.
REGINA and TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.
Flannel and Knit Shirts and Drawers in White, Scarlet and Fancy styles, from 60 Cents to \$2.50 each.

The latest Novelties
In Gents' Silk, Linen and Cambric Handkerchiefs. Scarfs in elegant designs and effects.

SHIRTS ONLY DELIVERED FREE.
Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.
SAMPLES and CIRCULARS mailed free.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.
631, 633, 635 and 637 Broadway, N. Y.

HERMANN COHEN,

Nos. 36 and 38 Cedar St., N. Y.

IMPORTER OF

FINE OLIVE OIL.

IN CASES AND FRENCH CANS
FOR HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, AND FAMILY USE.

**CALENBERG
& VAUPEL**

ESTABLISHED 1858.

PIANOS

MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,
333 & 335 West 36th St., N. Y.

SOHMER

PIANOS.

Superior to all others in Tone, Durability, and Workmanship; have the endorsement of the Leading Artists. First Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor at Centennial Exhibition. Reduced Prices. Cash or Time.
Sohmer & Co., 149 E. 14th St., N. Y.

ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

New Organ 12 stops, Best Golden Tongue Reeds, 5 oct's
2 knee swell, walnut case, w. arm'd 6 years, stool & book \$98
New Pianos, stool, cover & book, \$423 to \$255. Before
you buy be sure to write. Illustrated Newspaper sent Free
Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

FRASH & CO.

10 Barclay St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE.

"Continental" Brand.



In cases, quarts.....\$7.00
" pints.....\$8.00
" cocktails, 100 bottles.....\$7.00
A suitable discount to the trade.

TEN CENTS A GLASS.

Champagne Pavilion at Coney Island,
opposite New Iron Pier and adjoining
West Brighton Beach Hotel.
Also Cal. Hock, Claret, Angelica, Sherry
and Brandy.

THE BEST TRUSS EVER MADE.

The genuine Elastic Truss is worn
with perfect comfort, night and day,
retaining rupture under the hardest
exercise or severest strain. Sold at
greatly reduced prices, and sent by
mail to all parts of the country.

Send for full descriptive circular to
N. Y. ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
683 Broadway, New York.

JOHN A. DODGE & CO.,

BANKERS AND STOCK BROKERS,

12 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Buy and sell, on 3 to 5 per cent. margin, all stocks dealt in on
the New York Stock Exchange, and execute orders for Stock
Privilege Contracts at favorable rates. Full information on all
matters relating to Stock speculation furnished on application.
Weekly Report of movements in the Stock market sent free.

**SMALLEY & GALE,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,**

35 Broadway, New York.

Negotiate Stock Privileges on all active stocks signed
by best makers at lowest rates. Fractional lots secured.
Railroad and Mining Stocks bought, sold, and carried on
margins or for cash through N. Y. Exchanges. Small
lots bought and sold on 3 per cent. margin.

Special Stock Syndicates formed monthly for invest-
ment in active stocks. Returns every 30 days.
Risk of loss limited to 12 1/2 per cent. premium. Full
particulars, Rate Lists, Market Reports and Stock
Circulars upon application.

L.S.L.**LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.**

Chartered for twenty-five years 1868. Confirmed by popular
vote and imbedded in the State Constitution Dec. 2d, 1879.

IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES.

118th Monthly Grand Distribution, New Orleans, March 9th,
1880. 1857 prizes, total \$110,400; capitals \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000,
etc. 100,000 tickets, two (\$2) dollars; halves, one (\$1) dollar.
For full information apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans,
La.; or at 319 Broadway, New York.

N. B. — This Company has No AGENTS OUTSIDE the UNITED
STATES and all persons pretending to be so and soliciting orders by
circulars or otherwise are SWINDLERS.

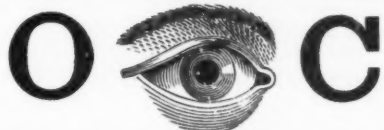
\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free.
Address P. O. VICKERY Augusta, Maine.

THE PUREST CHAMPAGNE



L. DE VENOGÉ,
37 South William Street, New York.
GENERAL AGENT.
For Sale by all the Principal Wine
Merchants and Grocers.

IMPORTED IN THE U. S.

**CASH PAID**

FOR

Old Newspapers, Books, Pamphlets, Rags, Rope and
Bagging, Copper, Brass, Lead, Zinc, Pewter, Type Metal,
Electrotype Plates, Stereotype Plates, Tin Foil, Tea
Lead, and Old Metal of every description.

Orders by Mail punctually attended to.

Will send to any part of the City or suburbs.

STOCKWELL,

25 Ann Street, N. Y.

**THE FAMOUS
Vienna Coffee Pot.**

Beautifully finished, of burnished brass, with burnished brass bow,
porcelain base, porcelain handles to lamp and extinguisher, porcelain knob
on cover and spout, and one brass and one glass cover.

IMPORTED FROM VIENNA ONLY BY US.

SIZE.	PRICE.	SIZE.	PRICE.
2 Cups.....	\$5.00	8 Cups.....	\$10.00
3 ".....	5.75	10 ".....	11.50
4 ".....	6.75	12 ".....	13.00
6 ".....	8.75		

The Trade supplied.

EDWARD D. BASSFORD,
HOUSE FURNISHING STORES,
China, Glass, Cutlery, Silverware,
Cooking Utensils, Woodenware and Refrigerator.
1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16 and 17 Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.

**BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD,
VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.**

COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING PRINCIPLES OF THE OX BRAIN AND WHEAT GERM.

Physicians have prescribed 200,000 packages in all forms of nervous complaints and impaired vitality. Nervous exhaustion brought
on by worry, disease or overwork is soon relieved and vitality restored by this pleasant remedy. It gives new life in the deficient
bodily or mental growth of children.

F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. For sale by Druggists or mail, \$1.

NO MEDICINE REQUIRED**Allen's Soluble Medicated Bougies.**

Patented October 17th, 1876.

ADVANTAGES WE CLAIM:

- 1st. Ease of application.
- 2d. Their introduction causes no inconvenience or pain.
- 3d. They remain long in contact with the diseased surface, and their effect continues for hours.
- 4th. They reach every point of the diseased surface of the urethral canal.
- 5th. The short time required to perfect a cure.
- 6th. No disagreeable odors from the breath by the use of nauseous doses of Cubebs, or oil of Sandalwood to disarrange the digestive apparatus.
- 7th. No Syringes or Astringent Injections to produce stricture and other serious complications.

No. 1 will cure any recent case in four days. No. 2 will cure the most
obstinate case, no matter how long standing.

Price \$1.50 per Box. Sent by mail upon receipt of price.

SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

P. O. Box 1533.

J. C. ALLEN CO., 83 John St. New York.

SAFE, QUICK AND SURE CURE.**WM. BRUNS,**

308 Broadway, near Duane Street.

BRANCH: 36 BECKMAN ST., near William,
NEW YORK.

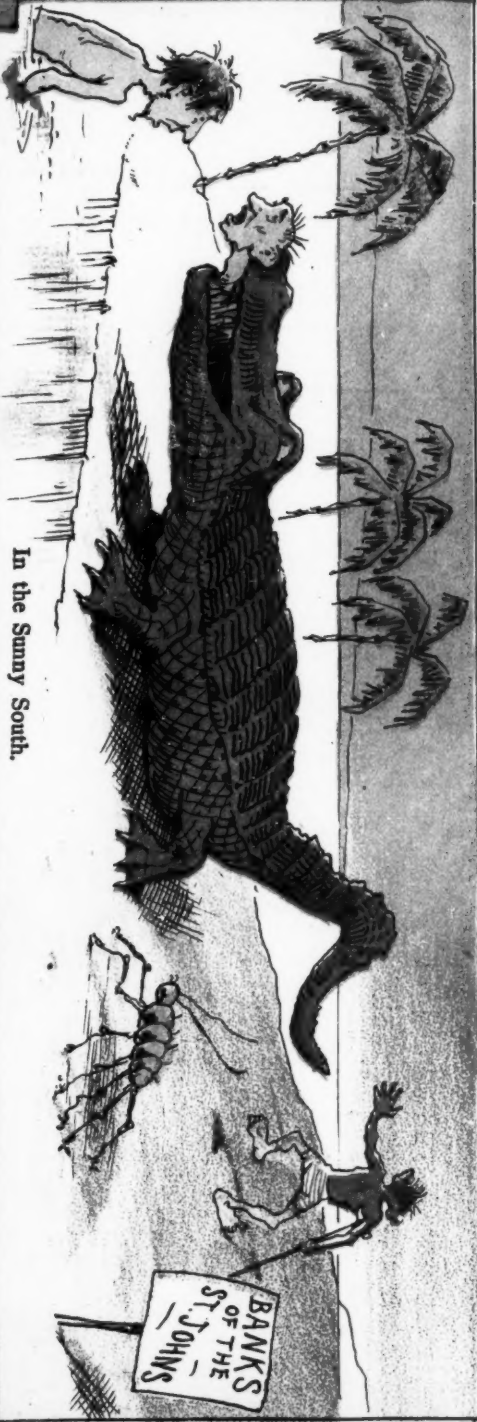
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND PUBLISHER

OF

**Fine Orders of Dancing,
MENUS AND DINNER CARDS.**

The above goods have become very fashionable within the last
few years in Europe and are rapidly gaining favor in this country;
in fact, the demand for Fine Orders of Dancing has been so large
that I have engaged some of the very best French artists in this
line, and am now able to offer to Clubs and Parties an assortment
far surpassing anything shown on this side of the Atlantic.

Special Designs furnished on Application.



In the Sunny South.



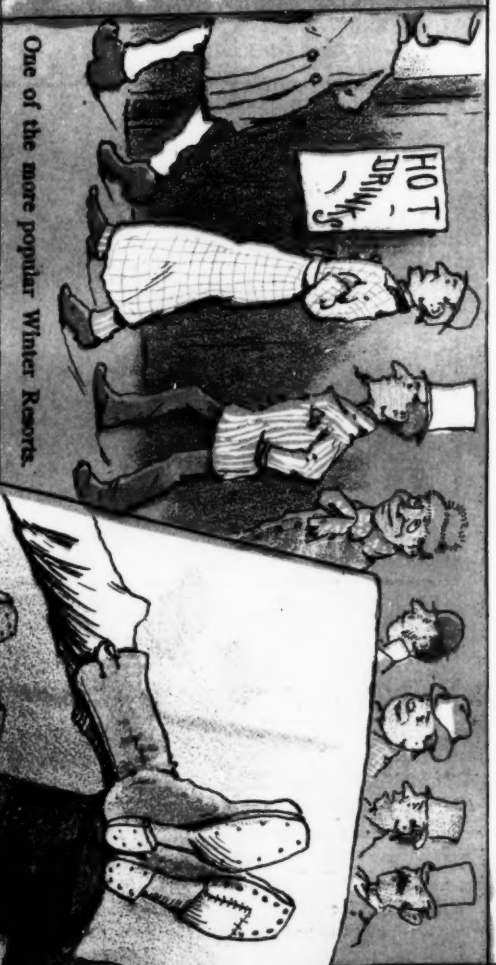
Mountain Air for Consumptives.



Winter Resort for the Poor.



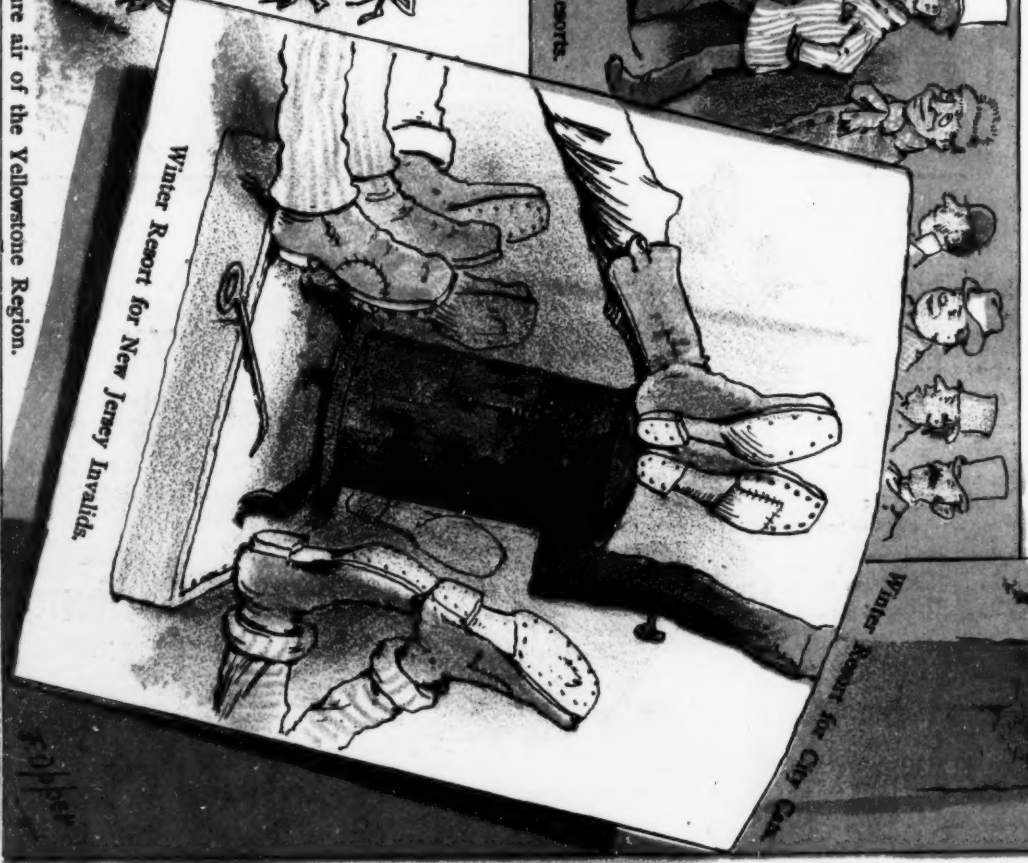
Hot Springs of Artana.



One of the more popular Winter Resorts.



The pure air of the Yellowstone Region.



Winter Resort for New Jersey Invalids.



Winter Resort for City Cats.

WINTER RESORTS.